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The Call to Heaven of a Six-Year-Old Boy

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

I am very busy, and I wish I could do ten times as much; but as I have only one life, poor inefficient creature that I am, I have to leave so much undone that I would despair sometimes, if I did not know that the Lord is there, and sees my longing to do more for Him and the poor, suffering human beings all around me, and He will do what I have to leave undone. I am sure He has a plan for my work, and the labor will not be in vain, but bear fruit for the Kingdom.

—One of our missionaries.

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SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER
1949

OUR THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

Published Bi-monthly by the American-European Fellowship
for Christian Oneness and Evangelization
15 Philipse Place Yonkers 3, N. Y.

VOL. XXX SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER
No. 5 1949

CATHERINE RUTH SMITH, Editor

European Emergency Work

September 1, 1949.

Greetings in His Name!

Will you lovingly, earnestly, desperately appeal to your friends for importunate prayer on behalf of the European Emergency Work (Memorial) of the American-European Fellowship?

European travellers (personal friends) have just returned from a tour of investigation and Christian Comradeship. They report that God's true and noble missionaries are simply spending every ounce of strength in soul-winning, Bible teaching, Scripture distribution and personal work, calling for late hours and loss of sleep. The need is so desperate that one poor consecrated man prayed with tears:

"Oh, Beloved Lord, canst Thou not send five thousand dollars to help us in this tremendous time of emergency? It is nothing to Thee. We believe Thou canst and wilt supply this desperately urgent need. Amen."

If you knew the sorrows, the broken hearts and cruelty behind this prayer, you would endeavour to arouse all America to her privilege—especially the women, and particularly those consecrated sisters who know that GOD DOES ANSWER PRAYER. Urge friends to study once more the diagram, "God is love, whichever way the wind blows."

Some friends suggest that *unknown* comrades in Christ, who laid down their lives on the field, might be included in the Memorial Fund for Forward Emergency Work. No names, simply "Unknown." Not a few whose labours were a blessing to the Home at Radost were slain for the Name of Jesus. Kipling wrote a poem, "Lest we forget." We say: "God forbid that we should forget."

How can we help? Perhaps by literature to cheer the hearts of those who pray. I have been deeply grateful for the Pilgrim Bible received from the Fellowship on July 28th. With such valuable gifts, the question comes: "What manner of persons ought we to be?" The Holy Spirit makes the golden treasure sparkle. We must learn to live in the deep secret of His Presence, abiding under the shadow of the Almighty.

Pray on, everybody! Hold on! Satan's hosts are marching on to depress, discourage and destroy all Bible progress. These evil powers of darkness (Ephesians 6.10-20) know their doom. They believe and tremble. James 4.6, 7 gives us courage. Grace, Grace and more Grace to resist the adversary, in Jesus' Mighty Name.

Joyfully yours,

F. SPENCER JOHNSON.

Eldon House, Lansdowne, Croydon, England.

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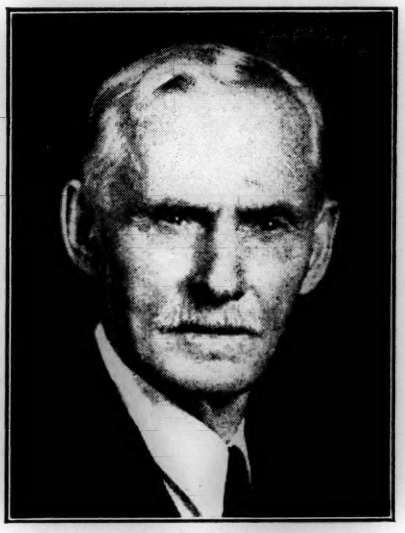
Thirty Years of the Fellowship



REV. FRANCIS A. McGAW
(1857-1944)

At this point in our history it is fitting that we should pay tribute to the memory of a remarkable man, who during the last years of his life was closely associated with the American-European Fellowship. Rev. Francis A. McGaw, author of the famous devotional book, "Praying Hyde," was a retired missionary of the Presbyterian Church, who in his eightieth year sailed for a visit to Poland, to inspect our work there. From the moment when Brother McGaw arrived in that country, it seemed as though a window had been opened, through which we were afforded a new insight into the work. With marvellous descriptive powers, a deep love for the Lord's service, and a curiosity as fresh and unspoiled as a child's, he set forth all that he had seen and heard. The work at Radost, under the guidance of Miss Christoffersen, impressed him deeply. Many of his reports were published in these pages, some of them embellished with graceful and appealing little poems of his own composition. Later he returned to America, but the old urge for missionary labor was still strong upon him, and presently he went forth to begin a new ministry at Nairobi, Kenya Colony, East Africa. We will return to the story of his life in a moment.

When the war began, many of our missionary letters were delayed, all were censored, and some were lost. Printed matter apparently did not go through at all. It was difficult to maintain contact with our workers and to secure adequate material for THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD (now a bimonthly). Miss Christoffersen was laboring in southern France, living in an attic—"it is now like an upper room to me," she wrote—and bringing the Gospel to the Jews. From neutral Switzerland, Fred Stettler carried on his ministry to the workers in other lands, transmitting gifts and helping in countless ways. Mr. McGaw's children, anxious about his being in far-off Africa, repeatedly offered to send him a ticket home, but he replied, "Sorry—not yet." Dr. Yuk continued his ministry in Palestine, listening sympathetically to the stories of his patients, and prescribing for their spiritual as well as bodily ills. John Kovalchuk and his wife were building up their ministry in Argentina. Philip Manetz had been compelled to leave the mission field in Europe in 1939, while his wife and child remained in Carpathian Russia. He could not bring them with him to America, because his wife was a Polish subject. He was working in New York, and earnestly praying for a reunion with them.

Writing in 1942, Miss Christoffersen described the needs of wartime Europe: "The needs are terrific, the prices very high, and very few things to be had. In fact, you can replace nothing any more. To lose a needle, to break a cup, means henceforth to do without. People are losing weight and strength, so that lying down several times a day is necessary."

Mr. McGaw, who had celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday in Africa, was suddenly stricken with blindness, which three operations failed to relieve. However, he continued to eat and sleep well, and was interested in everything around him. He was cared for by faithful Christian friends in Nairobi.

When Mr. and Mrs. Lukesh had to leave their mission work in Czechoslovakia, they were saddened by the parting with their adopted child Tabitha, who was then seven and a half years old. She noticed that they took only a few small bags with them; she asked, "Will you be back for the Daily Vacation Bible School?" Who could have guessed how many years would pass before they could see her again!

Our honored English associate, Mr. F. Spencer Johnson, lost his beloved wife, Margaret Spencer Johnson, on March 30, 1944. He wrote: "She desired to go, longing for home, and to see her Lord in His beauty. Oh, what a life! lived entirely for others."

A beautiful correspondence had been maintained between Rev. Norman J. Smith, in the home office, and Mr. McGaw, in Africa (the latter, whose blindness continued, dictating his letters to friends). In one of his letters Mr. Smith drew an interesting contrast between a friend of his in America who had lost his faith, his spiritual vision, and Mr. McGaw, who in spite of physical blindness could still see the things of the heavenly kingdom. Into that kingdom Mr. McGaw was called on April 17, 1944, in Nairobi. Burial was in East Africa. The Fellowship cherishes his memory among its precious recollections.

In the last letter which he dictated for us, Mr. McGaw said: "I pray that you will not be so filled up with the war news, but that you will give time for the earnest, leading prayer of this request. Brethren, pray for us! By a pleasing coincidence, the young man at my side who is writing this is Sergeant Norman Smith. I am still blind, but positive that God in His own time will open these eyes. So I send across land and sea this ringing challenge: Brethren! Pray for revival in Nairobi!"

Even in the midst of war, Mr. Smith was dreaming of the future time when the "dispossessed" missionaries would be able to return to their fields, and was planning for the financial outlay that would be necessary. He repeatedly called upon the readers of this magazine for special prayer to that end.

After a long period of silence due to war conditions, the Fellowship was made happy by the receipt of the following radiogram from Miss Christoffersen, early in 1945: "Received gratefully telegram money working happily trusting soon to have established work and co-workers." This was followed by letters which told of unspeakable sufferings, arrests by the Gestapo, threats of life imprisonment, and yet the steady continuation of her ministry.

Contact was reestablished with our faithful worker in Bulgaria after three and a half years of wartime silence. A distressing accident occurred in Palestine in the spring of 1945, when our nurse, Miss Jane T. Haley, was run down by a truck and seriously injured. This eventually led to her return to America, after five years of service. Since then, she has spent most of the time at her home in Detroit.

At the end of July, 1945, certain administrative changes became necessary, and Mr. Smith moved the offices of the Fellowship to his home in Yonkers, where the work prospered under his care. Writing in the magazine for September-October, 1945, under the heading, "An Introduction to New Readers—A Reminder to Old Friends," he reported the beginnings of postwar progress. But on Christmas Day, 1945, the Fellowship was deeply bereaved by the loss of our distinguished President Emeritus, Dr. Arno Clemens Gaebelein. His rich life and noble work have been described in a previous installment of this history.

(To be concluded)

The Call to Heaven of a Six-Year-Old Boy

by Pastor Bernhard Götze

The preparations for my missionary journey are all made, so that I can drive. With a bleeding heart I part from my child in order to serve the brethren and sisters in P. on the coming Sunday.

I have now arrived at the distant village congregation. I did not know what rich blessings from God awaited us all. It is best for my diary of that time to speak.

Saturday, 6th October.—The joy of the brethren on my arrival was overpowering. A gray-haired brother, who had been the chief mover in the invitation to me, said, full of triumph: "Did I not tell you that the brother would come? His child had to be ill so that he could come to us." I mused over this suggestion and said to the Lord: "Lord, if Thou wilt have me here, and couldst not get me here by any other way than by tearing me away from my Mission work in the South by the telegram telling me of the severe illness of my child, in order for me to accept the invitation of this congregation; and if Thou wilt through me, in this place, win souls to eternal life, then I am quite ready to sacrifice my own child, if Thou in Thy decree hast so determined." A railway strike is to break out today.

Sunday, 7th October.—Today we had beautiful Harvest Thanksgiving and Missionary services in which many friends from far and near joined. In the three meetings I was able to serve them with the Word of Life. At the evangelistic meeting in the evening, when I spoke on II Corinthians 5.20, the Holy Spirit worked powerfully in the hearts of the people, and about forty rose and confessed that they were willing to surrender themselves to the Lord. During the address a certain man embraced another, and both were publicly reconciled. For years these two men had been enemies. This man and a lady member of the choir found peace this evening. Tonight there will be much prayer, and God will hear.

Monday, 8th October.—I wanted to set out on my return journey today, but have been kept at work through the revival. This morning we had a continuation of our Missionary Festival. In the afternoon there was a prayer-meeting with the inquirers. Several professed to have found peace. In the evening another meeting.

Tuesday, 9th October.—Wished to leave today, but am obliged to remain here, as a railway strike has broken out. There is a great revival in the place. People who for a long time have been at enmity one with the other, have become reconciled. In the evening meeting sixteen praised God because they had found peace, whilst others are seeking the Lord. Praise God for the power of the Blood! His work must not go back.

Wednesday, 10th October.—The Holy Spirit is working powerfully in this place. New life is appearing in young and old. This evening we had a well-attended meeting again. The number of converts already exceeds twenty. The Lord blesses His Word.

Thursday, 11th October.—At the wish of those who attended yesterday's meeting, we had a Bible Reading this morning. The Lord was in the midst. His Name be praised! Six converts are again added to the number. One convert gave one pound for the poor, as a thank-offering that the Lord had delivered him from smoking.

Friday, 12th October.—As the railway strike still continues, some friends and I visited another place some distance away. Shortly before I left, a young lady told me that she had found peace.

Saturday, 13th October.—This evening we had a great meeting. We felt the nearness of the Highest, and separated having experienced much blessing. Glory be to God!

Sunday, 14th October.—In a dream this morning the Lord made it clear to me that my Oswald had passed away. God's message is so clear to me that I do not doubt this fact for one moment. I remain in this place because it is Sunday, otherwise I would have started at once, as the railway men have resumed work. In God's house we have had a day of blessing, the attendance was beyond expectation. Several brethren assisted.

Monday, 15th October.—Started on my return journey very early this morning.

Tuesday, 16th October.—Arrived at my railway station at six o'clock this morning. I was not a little astonished to meet the deacon of the Church at the station with his conveyance. When I asked him why he was there, he said that in the night, in a dream, he was told to fetch me from the station. I had not sent any message to say I should arrive by this train. My second question was respecting my child, when he could only confirm what the Lord had revealed to me on Sunday morning: at that same hour he entered into eternal rest.

There is absolute stillness in our home. The little white coffin with my pale departed darling is in my study. The bright dark eyes are closed and the dear prattling mouth is silent. I keep watch, and in the awful stillness all around I think of my child's last days on earth. When Oswald felt a little stronger he would sing his favorite hymn softly to himself:

> Jesus, Thou indeed art Lord,
> Kneeling be by us adored!
> Now and ever be by us adored!
> Chiefest good of all Thou art,
> And in Thee exults my heart,
> And in Thee with songs exults my heart.

His sufferings had increased so terribly that one could not pray for his recovery, but only that the Lord would take him to Himself. This happened on that Sunday morning. When the hour struck for his deliverance he stretched out his thin weak little arms as if he wanted to take hold of the reins which controlled the horses of the heavenly carriage. Oswald must have seen them, although others could not. He lashed the horses to hurry them to the goal. With eyes growing dim he looked up, and cried: "Dear Saviour, dear Saviour, open the door, I am coming! Open the door!" Then once again, very softly: "Dear Saviour—Saviour!" The little hands sank, his spirit had flown.

Through the broken clouds the tired October sun is shining on the white coffin in the open grave. We give our Oswald back to the Lord. The hymns of consolation sung by the choir sound across the churchyard, and the deacon of the Church speaks on the wonderful words in Isaiah 60.19, 20: "The sun shall be no more thy light by day, neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee, but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." I myself close with Job 1.21: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!"

Oswald has gone before, and we follow him. Through the home-going of our child, God unites us more closely to Himself and His Kingdom. We think of His love, and of seeing our child again.

"Children are rulers," once said the pious and spiritual Count Zinzendorf. Of course not in the sense that foolish parents often think, and a spoilt child dares to claim, as if the child had to rule the household, as if

every desire must be gratified, all naughtiness endured, and every whim considered. But children are rulers in the sense that, being created in God's likeness, body and soul uncorrupted by the world, about such a child there is something reverent and holy, something inviolable and untouchable, that will be treated with tender forbearance, that the Holy God has placed under His special care.

Jesus says of the children: "Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven. And whoso shall receive one such little child in My name receiveth Me. But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea" (Matthew 18.3-6).

The Salvation of a Robber Band

Not until morning did deep sleep overcome "Greasy," and he awoke with a renewed unrest in his soul. His comrades noticed the strange expression on his face, but knew not to what circumstance they should ascribe it. Some thought he had become sick. For a number of days he walked around in a daze, and nobody could get out of him what really was the matter. His comrades did not cease to try to find out the cause of his sadness, till he finally declared to some that he no longer could be at peace, since he had read something in the book that they had taken from the murdered ones. At this declaration all were overtaken with a strange feeling: what kind of a book could that be which could bring about such a sad transformation in their jolly comrade? They demanded that this book of witchcraft be surrendered and burned. Some, however, asked with interest that the book be given to them to look into. Finally it was decided that the book should be read to the whole gang. When they were all together, "Greasy" read to them those parts which had moved him so greatly. They listened with strained attention. One young robber declared from the beginning with great certainty that the book was the New Testament, and he used to know it. "My mother was a Stundist (believer)," said he, "and always read in the Gospels. She often took me to the children's meetings, where we read out of this book, prayed, and sang."

For a long time the men sat listening to the reading of the book, and then they parted silently. Most of them were in a depressed mood. None of them could grasp the reason why the reading of the book should make such a strong impression on them. From that day the robbers came together from time to time to read the New Testament. The effect of the book upon them was so powerful that they could not withdraw from its influence.

Thus a whole month passed; then the young robber whose mother had been a Stundist declared to his comrades openly that he could no longer continue in the criminal trade. "Greasy" followed him. (The other robbers had already noted that both these young men prayed with tears in their eyes.) Eventually even the leader of the band followed their example. Then arose the question: What to do now, and how to start a new life. They realized, first of all, that it would be necessary for them to yield themselves to justice. Since it was impossible for them to reimburse those whom they had damaged, there remained only one thing for them to do—deliver themselves to the authorities. Although the majority did not agree to this plan,

the young robber who was the first to start the new life, "Greasy," and five other men decided to acknowledge their whole guilt before the representatives of the law.

The day of separation came; the parting was touching. The comrades asked "Greasy" to read to them once more out of the New Testament. He opened to the place where the meeting of Jesus with the demoniacs is described, and how the Master's power is depicted by the healing of the men and their subsequent loyalty to Him. "Thus it was with us also," added "Greasy." "We are about to quit our sinful lives; let us cease to do evil to people, and follow Christ!" After these words "Greasy" fell upon his knees and with a loud voice confessed his misdeeds. Others followed his example. Amidst the general crying and sighing only single words and expressions could be distinguished: "Forgive . . . us . . . me . . . do not remember my . . . wash me with Thy blood! . . . give me power! . . . I will no more . . . I shall no more . . . I promise!" etc. Parting with a kiss from the others, the seven robbers, with their weapons in their hands, left for the nearest town, while the others disappeared in different directions.

With a decided and firm step "Greasy" and his comrades marched into the city. Immediately they drew the attention of the inhabitants. Who could imagine where this group of colorfully arrayed and armed men could have come from? At the corner of one of the main streets, they asked a policeman where the state attorney of the district court lived. The policeman pointed out a large two-story house in the same street, which the robbers then entered. Previously they had agreed that "Greasy," the most intelligent, should present their case to the district attorney.

The robbers entered a large, sunny room, with a hardwood floor, in which about twenty people were already gathered, waiting for the district attorney. At the door of the office stood an attendant of the court. "Greasy" turned to him with the following words: "Please tell the district attorney that we must speak to him without delay." The employee looked suspiciously at the armed group and asked: "What case do you have to present?"

"Something very important," answered "Greasy."

The employee disappeared behind the door. In a few minutes the robbers stood before an elderly gentleman, whose appearance commanded respect, but who seemed somewhat excited by the unexpected appearance of seven armed men. The robbers also, even though they had determined before leaving the backwoods to take this unusual step of free confession, were noticeably stirred when they stood face to face with the representative of the law.

"Permit us to explain to you who we are and why we have come to this place," began "Greasy" with a trembling voice. "We are robbers; yet you need not fear us; we have come to confess our whole guilt to you and to take our deserts. We have realized what a great injustice we have done, and are here now to suffer the punishment meted out by the law for robbery. Do with us as justice demands. Here are our weapons; take them." With these words "Greasy" and his fellows quickly laid down their weapons in a heap.

The district attorney became completely confused, and could not immediately control himself. It was the first time in his life that he had witnessed the confession of a whole group of men, who yielded themselves voluntarily into the hands of the representatives of the law. After some time he called the police; in a few minutes a small detachment of armed soldiers, led by a police captain, appeared. The necessary notes of the case were taken and turned over to the department of investigation. As "Greasy"

in the course of the examination pictured the story of his life in general terms, and spoke of the reason which caused him and his companions to forsake the robber's life in the forest, the district attorney and all present were visibly moved, and only with effort could they hide their tears. It was difficult for them to realize that the thorough change in these robbers was due solely to their acquaintance with the Gospel. "I would no longer be called 'Greasy,' but Paul Tikhomirov," said the youth, "and I will hereafter serve God and mankind, and without murmuring take upon myself the punishment determined by the law. We are now in your hands." All his comrades agreed with this declaration.

Quite excited, the district attorney commanded that the seven criminals be carried into the jail, to be kept in separate cells until the investigation was finished. Thereupon the former robbers were led away. The district attorney remained alone with the police captain in the office; for a long time they discussed together this extraordinary happening. They knew that ordinarily criminals denied their guilt, or admitted it only under the pressure of undeniable evidence, or if they were caught in the deed. These men, however, came of their own free will and confessed all. How great must be the power of the Gospel, to change men in this manner!

(To be continued)

"And There He Blessed Them"

My dear praying friends:-

Lyon, the third among the large cities of France, is situated between two great rivers, the Rhone and the Saône. The center of the city rises like an island between these. Many bridges connect this chief part with the surrounding larger parts, where the masses of the more than one million people live, work and suffer. In the undulating country round about, you will see many, many convents, hidden in big, beautiful gardens—the black nuns are reigning there, as everywhere—most boarding schools and hospitals are under their direction, for this city is regarded as the citadel, the stronghold of Catholicism in France. The monks are here in great numbers, and I have seen them always three by three—never two. I asked one who has left them and come over to us, why this was. His reply was that they are afraid of intimate friendships—therefore never two alone—another sign of the time. Fourvière, on the top of the largest hill, is marked by remains of the old Roman empire—the cathedral, theatre, and gardens with aqueducts speak over time and space—and walking down this hill I went into hovels crowded with poor children, refugees and what not; the misery and poverty reminded me of the Ghetto of Warsaw.

There are whole sections of the outskirts of the city occupied by the silk-weaving industry, with its thousands of small, dirty apartments, kitchen and one room, where the workers are packed in. We have walked in and out, up and down there, and felt the spirit of the underworld, inspired and supported by Communism. "And there He blessed us"—the Word was freely given. A Bible hour was held in the kitchen of a Polish mother who has nine children. The Way of Life was plainly taught, and the children hid the Word in their hearts. The personal work, the heart-to-heart talks with these darkened minds, had revealing moments, when God spoke.

Montplaisir is a large part of Lyon, with long shady avenues, with villas and elegant houses. There the largest hospital in France, largely a gift of the Rockefeller Foundation, is located. It is a modern structure, with separate

pavilions for different diseases; about 22,000 patients are cared for there. The best doctors are in charge; the Faculty of Medicine, as well as the finest school of nursing, are on this compound. It is a sort of Latin Quarter —students are swarming and dominating the atmosphere. What an interesting place it is! It was there we had the small attic home last winter—you can imagine what a mission field it was—"and there He blessed us": to walk in and out of the hospital, to pray with dying souls, and hear them say that the Spirit touched them when we last prayed with them. My young fellow-worker mingled with the students and nurses, invited them, and in our classes the Word of God was powerful and active. One young student was so completely changed that she wondered at herself, and others realized that it was God's own work. We had even Moslem students come—and as you pray remember the 60,000 Moslems in France; it is easier to reach them there than in their home-lands. We left two illiterate Moslem women with the Baptist group. We had a ministry to the poorest of the poor: we clothed and fed them, and told them the old, old story. There was one who testified on her deathbed, with such conviction that her Catholic children and friends took notice.

The ministry among prisoners, political and others, is so precious, so evidently the work of God, of the Holy Spirit. Letters from these people give a sweet, strong testimony to the deep meaning of suffering, and the power of the Resurrection: "Once more the festival of Easter is past. For me, strange as it may seem, this day has been one of the most beautiful of my life, though I had to pass it within these four walls and separated from all earthly joys. There is no human word which can describe the profound and tranquil peace which this day brought to me. It filled my whole being, and made me no longer a prisoner, but a free man."

We have equally felt this in our fellowship and ministry with the Armenians: God gave us the privilege of holding meetings in their homes. In the famous, historical place of terror in the center of the city, where the blood of the martyrs has flowed, where the young Blandrue was burned, faithful unto death, a wonderful thing took place just this week. A group of young Jews, of the finest type and highest education, who have left high position, home and all, stood lined up under their flag—the Star of David—and the tricolor, surrounded by the dignitaries and the local authorities, singing their national anthem in Hebrew. They are on their way to the Holy Land, where they have pledged themselves to rebuild the colony of Nitzanim, recently completely destroyed under the bombing by the Egyptians. My heart was stirred within me, and I thought of Sholem Asch's sweet story of "The Peculiar Gift," the gift for Palestine, slumbering in every Jew for his land. Groups of Jewish children who have recovered after the war are sent home to the land of their fathers, as fast as transportation can bring them. We are happy for the wonder of awakening among them, and to witness to them out of the Scriptures is a great and urgent task. We are at it all the time—three weekly prayer groups have brought us into fellowship with other workers and pastors, with whom we meet each Monday; the young people's gatherings for prayer, on Tuesday, grew in power and numbers through the winter. On Saturday we had such precious fellowship in a devoted Jewish lady's home, where the interest of Israel for the reaching of these dear people was on our hearts in prayer and praise.

We thank you for all the added incense; we sowed many thousands of tracts, in answer to earnest prayer, for which we praise God, it was a prepared field which brought forth fruit—even the last Sunday, at early dawn, a young man knocked at the door, confessing that he was burdened and had come to seek peace—and he found it.

We have the ticket for Denmark, and will soon be among our own people. The parting has its joy and sorrow as well; spiritual children are so precious. And as I looked up to Him, He comforted me, saying: "Surely I will be with thee, and bless thee, and bring thee back to this land."

Many, many thanks and warm greeting from your fellow-worker in France,

TORDIS CHRISTOFFERSEN.

Brother Stettler's Visit to Germany

. All the churches I was in were attended to a degree that I have not seen anywhere in Switzerland. I was in a village prayer-meeting counting some 125 to 150 people, including a goodly number of men. At Hamburg I was in a prayer-meeting with about 200 or 250 taking part. I felt deeply ashamed, for my own people seemed to be godless in comparison.

I spent a day at the border camp of Friedland, on the edge of the Russian zone. Early in the morning we had the opportunity to watch a troop of prisoners of war arriving from Siberia. This was probably the most shocking sight I saw on my whole trip. Three hundred men came across the border, who had spent a whole month on the journey. They had worked in coal-mines, at building roads, and other hard labor. I shall never forget that sight. Hungry, pale, in rags, without decent shoes, they arrived. All day I spoke to them and heard their tales. In the afternoon I was asked to speak to some 400 men.

In such camps one can learn more in one day than elsewhere in several years, as to what a Soviet "paradise" is like. Up to one-third of the men had tuberculosis; many will be incapacitated for life. The Christian denominations work harmoniously together, providing food, clothes, and gifts to these home-coming men. Hundreds pressed my hands, and not a few had tears in their eyes, after the short sermon. And this barrack church is filled three or four times in one afternoon. A wonderful Christian work goes on in that place. Anyone who has seen the need there cannot help doing his utmost to grant further help. Christian workers who daily meet there the poorest of the poor send us names and addresses of such needy ones, and we send them clothes and often food, to bring them through the worst crises of their lives. Our help to them perhaps means more than it meant to Noah when the dove returned with an olive-twig in her mouth, signifying that the wrath of God had passed and the waters of destruction had abated on earth.

I met a number of students who, under the most trying conditions, had left the Russian zone to study the Scriptures. Some I had met previously, while they were yet boys, in Roumania, Poland and other places. These Christian students, most of them with the terrible war experiences behind them, will give a Christian leadership that is fit to teach and preach the Gospel of Christ to the teeming millions of crowded western Europe.

On this journey I met as many as 50 believers I had known in Poland. We even had special meetings, and sang the old songs we used to sing years ago. Brethren, with tears in their eyes, told of all the horror they had gone through. Miracles upon miracles of God's keeping, and fiendish experiences at the hands of men who, demon-possessed, tortured the people. Often I thought I could not bear the strain of just listening to it all, to say nothing of experiencing such things.

I left Germany with a booklet full of notes and with the firm conviction that it was good to have been there. As a result, we feel we must concentrate

our help more on the Russian-occupied zones, and limit our ministry in the western zones to those who really need our help. Europe will never be evangelized except with the help of the German people and the many and able men and women of God. I feel it must be one of our foremost duties to encourage Christian effort in every way possible, though the work must be done by the people themselves. They have a gigantic job on hand, and usually do it well, better than some of us in the safeguarded countries who have been spared the awfulness of war.

(*To be concluded*)

➡ *SPECIAL APPEAL*: A letter just received from Brother Stettler tells of the urgent need for a third large Gospel tent for Berlin and the Russian zone of Germany. The total cost is $2,100.00, of which the Fellowship has the opportunity to contribute a portion, perhaps as much as half. Your special gifts are invited for this vitally important need.

A Father and His Sons

My dear Brethren and Friends in Jesus Christ!

It is a great joy to me to send you again my circular-letter, knowing so well that you are interested in the Gospel work in our country. In March I preached the Gospel at Peine and Stemmen, and the number of auditors increased every night until we had 250 persons. A number of souls found peace.

In April, on the invitation of the Dutch brethren, I went into Holland, and was met by my good old friend, Brother Johannes de Heer. Our first conversation lasted until nearly midnight. We remembered the past, and spoke of the present time, of countries, nations, congregations, assemblies, alliances, conferences, church and free church, and realized that all along the line an old generation is stepping back and other persons are taking their places.

In the town of Doorn there has been built the new Dutch Bible Institute for conferences and meetings. An Easter conference took place here. I had the occasion to visit Doorn several times, where I preached the Word of God to many students and attendants of the conference, and where I could give a report about the working of the Holy Spirit in our country.

In closing I must ask you to pray for our work, especially for the prisoners of war and the refugees. In total, as a fruit of the Gospel-work of the last few months, the faithful Lord gave me about 100 souls who were led to the Lamb of God as a reward for the travail of His soul. Praise and adoration to God!—BERNHARD GÖTZE.

Dear Dr. Smith: Sometimes I wonder how it happens that help always arrives at the right time. I have finished my studies at Hamburg, and am going back home to meet my parents and my sisters with their lovely little babies. In the month of September my father is going to take me along on his trip through South Germany. He will do the evangelistic work, and I will take care of the youth and the children. It will be my last free summer! On the 2nd of October I am starting my work in the Russian section of Berlin. I was there a few weeks ago, and the need of the Christian people there is tremendous. The church to which I am going was for two years without a minister. Nevertheless, we have had every Sunday a congregation of 600 people. Our prayer-evening on Wednesday was attended by 300 to 400 people.

I am very eager to start my work in Berlin, for I know that God will give a rich blessing. He is strong, when we are weak and helpless. May God bless you and your work which you are doing in His name.—PAUL GÖTZE.

Dear Dr. Smith: Herewith I want to give you a report of my work. The Sunday-School sessions are held regularly each week. During the last months we have succeeded in winning many boys for this work whose parents are real Communists. All these children belong mostly to the families of simple miners. Our young girls are assembling in the same way. These meetings are directed by a sister. Once a month, the girls and the young men are assembling for a mixed youth-meeting, which always deals with a special theme. Recently we discussed the question: "What is my attitude toward the pleasures of the world?"

I preached the Gospel for a full week in the village of Immendorf, where there is a very large fugitive camp, giving lodging to many thousands of homeless people. The fugitives are living under very primitive conditions. Their great need, however, leads them to think about eternity. Fourteen of them stayed over for the after-meeting and surrendered their lives to the Lord. It was especially moving when in the following prayer-communion the Russians, Poles, Lithuanians, Ukrainians and Germans were praising the Lord. We prayed together, and the Lord gave grace.

The indirect Gospel-work which I do in my spare time is devoted to visits and distribution of Scriptures. By prayer and explanation of the Word of God I try to come into touch with individual souls, and to point out the way to them. As many miners are fond of reading, I likewise distribute tracts containing good stories.—EMANUEL GÖTZE.

➡ *SPECIAL APPEAL*: The Lord has laid it upon Pastor Bernhard Götze's heart to make a visit to America in the spring of 1950, to attend certain conferences, and tell of the work now being done in Germany. The Fellowship is anxious to do all that it can to make this cherished hope a reality. Your prayers and partnership gifts are earnestly requested for this worthy purpose.

Briefer Messages

AUSTRIA.—We gave the women a little surprise for Mother's Day. I got up early, baked two nice coffee cakes, and got everything ready; but it was pouring rain. I had to carry two heavy bags, so I was not able to open an umbrella. In one bag I had the cakes and the sugar, cups, saucers and spoons, and in the other one three quarts of coffee and a quart of milk. I had to change cars five times, but at last I reached the place in good condition, nothing had happened, and I was quite happy about it. We were a little doubtful if the women would come, but our faithful God answered prayer. We had a small but very nice meeting, and the Lord was in our midst to bless. Afterwards we enjoyed the coffee, and the women realized that I loved them and wanted to help them, so our hearts were closer drawn together, and they were more ready to listen to God's message than ever before. This woman in whose home we met lost everything during the war, her husband and her home, and she is working very hard to support her four children, and trusting in God.—EMMY H. STEYRER.

POLAND.—We have had many gatherings in different places, in which I took part. The more important were: May 8, the opening of a new Gospel Hall in Krakow. June 4-6, the conference in Warsaw, in which more than 500 believers from all over the country took part. July 3-10, the national Youth Congress, connected with an excursion to Szczecin and to the seacoast. July 24, the conference connected with evangelization in Brzeszcze, in the South. July 31, the baptism of 15 souls, connected with large meetings

and the Lord's Supper in Wizla. August 14-15, the Conference in Balin, near Krakow, with about 400 taking part. God blessed us richly, but we also see that the devil is more active than ever before. We live now in a very unquiet world. As for our country, it will take several years to heal the wounds inflicted by the war. We are grateful to God and to you for helping us with regard to our needs, both spiritually and materially.—JOZEF MROZEK, Jr.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.—The Lord graciously offers us the opportunity to coöperate in His work, a privilege which is often neglected, for lack of appreciation thereof. We must consider everything in the light of eternity, and realize that the time is short. For that reason, we do rejoice in the knowledge that we are being faithfully upheld. Sometimes we can even feel how the prayer-impetus comes in to move the hearts, in spite of obstacles. Take for instance our nurse, who has been endeavoring to bring in some helpers from the hospital. At first the girls were shy, but then the power of the Word began to tell on them, and now it is a joy to see their interest grow. The visit of several former attendants at the meetings interested us, in that it showed that the seed was not sown in vain.—CHARLES and EDNA LUKESH.

ARGENTINA.—We had a baptism of 16 souls at the city of Incarnacion, in Paraguay. Here labors my helper and friend, Brother Gregory Beryozko, who was converted in Poland while a boy of thirteen, through our ministry. He came to South America, was graduated from the theological seminary in Buenos Aires, and now labors with great blessing among the Slavonic population in various places. This baptism represented the fruits of his work.—JOHN and MARY KOVALCHUK.

ISRAEL.—The work in the clinic becomes more and more interesting. Patients are coming from every corner of Tel Aviv and Jaffa. Yesterday a man and his wife arrived from Jerusalem, for special treatment in our clinic. In the month of June we treated 1299 patients, almost 300 more than in May. At the present time we cannot think of opening our new branch in Jaffa, but as with Mohammed and the mountain, so Jaffa is coming to us. We have a great many patients from there.—JAMES YUK.

GERMANY.—Your gifts have saved a human life. We learned recently of a family of fugitives, in which there was an expectant mother who had tried to take her own life. The reason for her act was this: that she could provide no clothing for the coming child. This caused her grief and tears, and many a sleepless night. As soon as we heard of it, we prepared for the future mother a little package of baby-clothes, which we had recently received from you, dear sister. You should have seen how she wept, but it was for joy. She said to us, "Now I won't have to throw myself into the river. Kind friends in America have provided for my child in such a wonderful way!"—EMIL BAUMGART.

PORTUGAL.—"*Verba volant, scripta manent.*" This is an old Latin saying, that "words fly, but writing remains." How true this is in connection with Gospel work! We may preach and teach, but if we have no Bibles, New Testaments, tracts, and other Christian literature to pass on to our listeners and believers, how soon our teaching will be forgotten! The need for Christian literature, here in Portugal, is very urgent. From a constructive viewpoint, we find it best that this literature should be chosen, written and printed here, instead of abroad. We are very grateful to our kind friends who have sent us gifts for this purpose. Please pray for us, and our need of funds to print and distribute Christian literature here.—GUIDO WALDEMAR OLIVEIRA.

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP RECEIPTS—August-September, 1949
(The First National Bank in Yonkers is depositary for all gifts.)

33437--$35.00	33468--$15.00	33499---$2.00	33530--$75.00
33438---10.00	33469---10.00	33500---10.00	33531----2.00
33439---22.50	33470----1.00	33501---10.00	33532---11.00
33440----1.00	33471---41.50	33502----1.00	33533----2.00
33441---50.00	33472---12.00	33503----2.00	33534---20.00
33442---10.00	33473----1.00	33504---10.00	33535---10.00
33443----2.00	33474---75.00	33505---20.00	33536--100.00
33444----5.76	33475----1.00	33506----9.40	33537----5.00
33445--100.00	33476----1.00	33507---50.00	33538---51.00
33446---75.00	33477---10.00	33508---50.00	33539----5.00
33447---14.12	33478----1.00	33509----1.00	33540----1.00
33448--520.00	33479----5.00	33510----1.00	33541----9.38
33449---40.00	33480---11.09	33511---20.00	33542----7.50
33450----3.00	33481----2.00	33512--151.00	33543----5.00
33451---50.00	33482---25.00	33513---50.00	33544---75.00
33452----3.00	33483----8.34	33514----2.00	33545---10.00
33453----1.00	33484---35.00	33515----5.00	33546---10.00
33454---10.00	33485----1.00	33516---25.00	33547---23.00
33455---10.00	33486---25.00	33517-----.20	33548----3.52
33456---50.00	33487----1.00	33518----2.00	33549----3.00
33457---16.00	33488----8.00	33519----2.00	33550---10.00
33458----2.00	33489----3.00	33520----2.00	33551----5.00
33459----6.00	33490----6.00	33521----5.00	33552----1.00
33460-----.10	33491---20.00	33522---15.00	33553---35.00
33461---15.00	33492---35.00	33523----5.00	33554---10.00
33462---75.00	33493---10.00	33524----3.00	33555----1.00
33463----1.10	33494----1.00	33525----1.00	33556---40.00
33464----2.00	33495----5.00	33526----1.00	33557---10.00
33465---12.00	33496----1.00	33527----2.00	33558----1.00
33466---25.00	33497----5.00	33528---10.00	33559---50.00
33467----1.00	33498---10.00	33529---10.00	33560---11.00

The Auditor's Annual Report

First National Bank in Yonkers, September 21, 1949.

Dear Dr. Smith:—

This letter is to certify that I have audited the books of the American-European Fellowship for the period from July 1, 1948, to June 30, 1949, inclusive, and have found them to be in perfect order to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Very truly yours,

THOMAS R. McCUE.

"MOST FASCINATING."—I have been devouring (in the little time I spend reading) the last issues of the HARVEST FIELD. I can truly say it is the most fascinating missionary literature I have ever seen. No novel could be more thrilling, or hold the interest more than the various stirring accounts of all that those dear ones in Europe are undergoing in these times. And as we read, we learn to love them all, and to desire to remember them in our constant prayers.—N. D. W.